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THE ECHO



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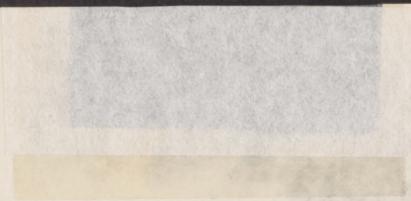
1911

SANTA ROSA HIGH SCHOOL



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VOL. III.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., OCTOBER, 1911.

No. II.

The Apple and Eve



HAVE always been an awful tomboy—just ask my mother—and the only thing I'm scared of is a burglar.

I wonder how many girls look under their beds at night, expecting to find a burglar hiding there? For my part, I have always been afraid to look, before I have the protection of the bed clothes, for fear I really would find one; so I just make a flying leap and land in the middle of the bed, then I cautiously crawl to the edge and look underneath. I never really expect to find anyone there, but I always feel safer when I have made sure.

But one night I forgot to take this precaution, I was too interested in something else, and—well—let me tell you what happened.

I had been away from home, visiting a school friend for a few weeks, and, when I returned I found that some big apples just outside my bedroom had become ripe. My window is just above the porch roof, and from that roof I saw that the finest of these apples could be reached, so I made up my mind that before I went to bed I would crawl out and get some!

About half-past nine, when it was quite dark, I opened my window, as noiselessly as possible—for I didn't want my family to hear me, as I knew they wouldn't approve of such a tomboy escapade—then crawled out on the roof, slipping and sliding on its slippery shingles, until I reached the tree, where I succeeded in picking three big apples. Then I turned toward my window again, and had almost reached it, when I dropped one of the apples, which went bumping with great thuds down the roof, falling with a "squash" upon the walk below! I was annoyed, for I did not like losing a part of my booty, and I was also afraid the noise might possibly disturb someone in the room below and I would be caught.

But discovery did not come from that quarter, for just as I was crawling thru the window, I heard a frightened voice from the quiet street below mutter, "Santa Maria! It's a burglar!" I saw at once that the noise of the falling apple had attracted the attention of an old Irish woman, Mrs. Mahoney, and

she, in looking for the cause of the disturbance, had seen me going thru the window, and had thought I was a burglar! I thought it a rich joke on the poor woman, but held my breath, fearing she would alarm the household. I listened and was greatly relieved to hear her pass, with hurried steps, down the street.

Safe again in my own room, I was soon in bed and had just gotten my teeth firmly planted in an apple, when—hark!—what was that? Something was moving under my bed! Straining my eyes in the darkness, I saw to my horror someone beginning to crawl out! My heart pounded so that I nearly choked, for I would be murdered, I knew! For a second I was paralyzed with fright, then I grabbed an apple in each hand, as my handiest means of defense, and, keeping my eyes on the shadowy figure, I unceremoniously slipped out on the other side of the bed, reached the door, flung an apple at the intruder, and fled down the stairs, bursting into the room where the other members of the family were peacefully reading.

"There's a burglar in my room! He was under my bed!" I panted.

Father and Dick rushed out into the hall. The door bell rang violently. A policeman, followed by Mrs. Mahoney, came stumbling in shouting, "Where iz 'e?"

"Up here!" cried father from the landing, and the three men flew upstairs and into my room, while mother, Mrs. Mahoney, and I huddled together below.

Suddenly three hearty laughs reached our wondering ears. "We've got him!" yelled Dick. "Ha, ha! Just come and see your burglar, Eva!" And down the stairs came Dick leading—my own pet collie dog!

I felt ashamed of my silly fright, and everybody was laughing, when Mrs. Mahoney cried, "Shure now, an' there's some mistake, fur I seen a burglar a'crawlin' in the winder and wint fur the policeman, mysilf."

I blushed hotly and tried to hide the tell-tale apple, which I still held in my hand, with a big bite out of it, and which no one had yet discovered.

Dick saw my blush and the apple, put two and two together, and burst out laughing, though I mutely telegraphed him not to give me away. "Eve and the apple, again!" he howled. "Oh, joy!" and doubled up with laughter.

Everyone looked at me, and I had to plead guilty and own up to my "tom-boy" trick, which they thought a huge joke.

"The only fault is," said I, "that all this resulted from the downfall of the apple and not from the downfall of Eve, this time!"

—D. E. W. '12.

Just Boys



O breath of wind stirred the intense heat of that sultry June day. The little village was dead to the world, and, on past the outskirts of town, against the clear outline of golden-brown hills, little wavelets of heat shimmered and glistened in their ferocity. Even the leaves on the beautiful old school-yard oak hung limp and lifeless, as though weary of their very existence; while Pippy and his mates lounged in the shade beneath, and gazed at those far-off hills, scorched and dry. But the thoughts of those sturdy youngsters were far from those barren hills. Over and over again in their minds, they lived the life they had so happily led, only two short weeks before. They could see it now, as it lay deep and clear and cool within the shady borders of brushy willows and majestic alders that fringed its banks. They could hear the splash of some old bass as he leapt for a luckless fly among the lily pads on the other side. They could see the spring-board, with the mighty stone holding down its shortward end, and they remembered the day Fatty had a cold and couldn't go in, so he dangled his legs from the end of the spring-board and silently watched the fun. And they remembered how Sammy had slipped up unseen and rolled that stone from its place, and they smiled, as they dwelt on the scene which followed.

In the midst of their reverie pealed forth the discordant notes of the school-bell. The leaves above them rustled; Fatty bestirred himself, and with a long-drawn sigh, asked, "Goin' in, Pip?" Pippy cast a fleeting glance toward the school house, arose with sudden swiftness, and with a "Come on, fellows," dodged round the end of the long, narrow woodshed. They waited till the last marching footstep had died away, then trudged off in single file across the vacant lot, out on to the blistering hot cement sidewalk and down the little village street. Past low rambling houses, set well back beneath spreading shade trees; past the white sign-post that marked the city limits, now kicking up clouds of thick yellow dust as they trudged along, Pippy and his mates started on the long, hot tramp to the river. Now and then they stopped to feast on the wild blackberries which grew in profusion by the roadside, or vaulted the old rail fence into the orchard, only to scamper madly away, in unnatural haste.

Soon they left the dusty road, crossed a dry, stickery pasture and entered their paradise of shady willows. They saw the little strip of sandy beach, the old spring-board, the old flat-bottom boat, leaking and water-soaked, the pond-lilies and rushes, and the clear, cool depths of the old pond seemed to beckon them, as it had so often done before. Not long, though, did they gaze and admire. The spring-board was soon in full play, as one after another they leapt with a mighty spring and disappeared in the depths below. That is,—all but Fatty. Only once, and a never-to-be-forgotten once at that, had he tried to dive. The shout and peals of laughter were still ringing in his ears as he climbed down the bank and paddled out to the old boat. The other fellows were sporting around in the lower end of the pond, and Fatty hung

on to that old boat and wished he could do it, too. But he made the best of it as usual, bailed out the water, climbed in, picked up the flat picket lying in the bottom and paddled down stream. When he drifted into their midst, he looked quickly around him, and asked: "Say Pip, where's Sammy?" Strangely enough, Sammy was nowhere to be seen, and stranger still, no one had missed him. A general discussion followed, but the mysterious disappearance remained unsolved. With a contemptuous, "Guess he got cold feet." Pippy started for the shore, the others following. They went to the old apple trees which grew among the willows on the bank. But the fruit was hard and green, so they went a little farther down stream to where a huge bank of blackberries trellised among the willows, and here, where the warmth of the sun drifted through the foliage to the vines below, hung great clusters of luscious fruit. But Pippy and his mates weren't hungry. They grabbed a handful of berries, turned and assailed poor Fatty who came struggling up in the rear, and then made a rush for the pond.

A breeze began to rustle the topmost leaves of the tallest alders, tiny ripples swept out across the water, and long, dark shadows crept down the bank and out over the pond, as the sun dropped lower and lower. Fatty looked up, and with a startled, "Gee, fellers, I got t' hustle," and paddled away upstream. The others followed, leisurely, and as they rounded the point of willows to the little sandy beach, a pitiful sight met their gaze, for there stood Fatty, cold and shivering, while two great tears swelled up in his eyes, as, with fingers and teeth, he vainly strove to loosen a knot in his shirt-sleeve. But Fatty was not alone in his misery, and for once even Pippy forgot to poke fun at his discomfort, for it was a clear case of share and share alike. Pippy was mad. "Sammy's work. He'll get his, you see," he muttered through clenched teeth, as he sullenly set to work.

It was a very quiet group of youngsters that betook itself from the chill shade of those brushy willows, crossed the dry stickery pasture, and trudged along that dusty road back to the village. Each was busy with thoughts of his own—what they would do when they should catch that fellow; of what was probably awaiting them at home; of chores undone; what they might—"Hi fellers!" All whirled, and saw—Sammy Chambers, standing in the gate of his father's barnyard, complacently watching the bunch troop by. With a yell of rage they were after him. Sammy turned and fled. With a bound he made the fence, grasped the top of a picket and vaulted,—but the fence was old, the picket broke from its fastenings and Sammy landed flat on his back among his pursuers. Long before he had time to realize what was happening, he found himself struggling upon the shoulders of four husky lads, and being carried somewhere, he knew not where, but a picture flashed vividly before him, as he caught a glimpse, over Pippy's broad shoulder, of that old watering trough, and oh! how he regretted that he had just pumped it brimming full.

Sammy was a picture of wrath itself as he crawled out of that hasty bath and wiped the water from his eyes. Backed up against that old trough, water streaming from his hair and clothes, with clenched fists and flashing eyes, he confronted that hostile group, drawn up in a circle around him, like

an animal at bay. For a moment he could not speak and Pippy saved him the trouble with a malicious "Feel better, Sam?" That was enough. With a bound Sammy was upon him, and down they went, Sammy on top, while the circle closed in around them. Amid the encouraging cries of their mates the pair struggled on, the best of it resting now with one, now with the other and the result uncertain. Never had that quiet little village seen such a fight; never had those youngsters enjoyed such a treat. But suddenly something happened. That circle was roughly broken; Sammy found himself jerked to his feet, while Pippy came as far as his knees, and gazed up through the dust of battle,—into the flashing eyes of his dad. There he glanced at Sammy and saw that big black place under his left eye, and suddenly the thought struck him, "Gee, maybe Sam didn't tie those knots, after all." Then, he glanced around for the rest of the bunch, but they were gone. Sudden remembrance of school hours long gone by, of evening chores undone, and of paternal orders to be home early, had reminded those youngsters of what was most likely in store for them, and they hastened away, each busy with thoughts of his own, and what excuse—but fudge, it would soon stop hurting, and say—wasn't that a glorious scrap.

— A. S. '12.

Which ?



IRLS! GIRLS! I have the dandiest plan! Let's change this club into a political club, and get in and work for a purpose, instead of just having a good time. You all know that October the tenth is going to be one of the greatest days in our history, for just think of what it would mean, if women could vote!

Thus great excitement was aroused in "The Up-to-Date Club," as Elizabeth Howe appeared. She was the last of the ten girls to arrive at the home of Bernice White, where the weekly meeting was being held. As Bernice opened the door to admit her guest, the latter rushed in, her face aglow with excitement, and her brown eyes fairly dancing. She was strangely fascinating, as she talked eagerly to the girls.

"You all must have read of the election, and just think, girls, what we will do when we vote."

"I don't believe in Women's Suffrage at all, quickly announced a tall, dark girl, whom the others called Elsie.

Elizabeth was prepared for a discussion, but merely said, "Why don't you, Elsie?"

"Well, because I don't think women ought to vote."

"But why should they not vote?"

"Oh, because—" Elsie stopped.

Elizabeth was smiling. "I think you just say that because you know nothing about it."

Then Elsie was ready. "I do know something about it. Women do not

need to vote. It isn't their place to do so; let the men do the voting. Furthermore, the women know nothing about government, and are not prepared to take any part in it."

"Do you mean that men have nothing to do, besides interesting themselves in politics. Of course, women aren't prepared to vote now, but why? Simply because they have never had an opportunity to take an active part, and therefore have taken no interest in politics; but you will see, if we women are given these privileges, the greater majority of women will make excellent voters. By the way, Elsie, what do you intend to do when you have completed High School and College?"

"Why, marry a millionaire, and just have everything I wish, and have a dandy time."

"Well then, if all you think of is a good time and money, you never should vote, for a person of your disposition, who lives only to be popular, would never make an honest, faithful worker in politics. For my part, I intend to be a teacher, and I tell you, girls, we women have to have full political privileges, before any change will come in our government. A change must come, and you know that it depends upon the younger generation whether or not that change will be a good one; and, isn't it the duty of all teachers and mothers to educate the children in such a way that, when they are grown, they may be faithful, loyal citizens, who stand only for what is right?"

Elsie, angrily, but eagerly, replied, "That may be true, but women do not know enough, and are not competent to hold office."

"They do not know enough! Well, I like that!" Bernice retorted, "On the average, don't the girls stand higher than the boys, all through their school days? And why can not women hold office? If you knew anything of Mrs. Ella Wilson, mayor of Hunnewell, Kansas, you wouldn't say that. Look at what she is doing. She has a miserable council of men, who are under the influence of the lower classes of people, but now she will fix them, if it is in her power to do so; that is, if the governor of Kansas will help her. You say that she is one out of a thousand. How do you know? She has taken an interest in political affairs, and has lived in a community where women have not been regarded as ignorant children. Why should there not be many more such women, when they find that it is worth while for them to take an interest in current events?"

"That is the idea, Bernice!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "We will prove to the world that we can rule."

"You know, girls," said a quiet girl of sixteen, "I have always wanted to do something for the benefit of mankind, so I think the best thing will be to become an orator, and travel about, lecturing to the people."

"That is a crazy idea," remarked vain Doris. "I think I shall just run for some small office; for just imagine what a novelty it would be, for a young lady to appear taking an interest in politics. Why, I could have more fun; I—"

"Oh Doris," interrupted Elizabeth, "can't you talk sense? If women like you should hold office, do you think the country would flourish? You would

only cater to the "Smart Set," and the whole country would go to rack and ruin."

"I do not think Doris is right, but I must say that I consider Women's Suffrage only for spinsters." Margaret Abbington was pleased with herself for having made such an exceedingly wise statement.

Elizabeth was quick to respond. "Women's Suffrage does not mean that at all. If you look at it in that way, then only the men who have no one to think of, and little to do, are the directors of our government. That is not true, is it? Well, isn't it the business and laboring men who rule our country? Do they neglect their business for politics? Not very many of them. So why should a woman neglect her duties, any more than a man neglects his?"

"That is splendid, Elizabeth!" exclaimed Bernice. "You surely would make a brilliant orator. Margaret, you cannot deny that if women were voting, the weak-minded, easily-influenced candidates would not be elected. You know very well that the majority of women would vote for the best, and do all in their power to have the government of this country as faultless as possible. The trouble with you is, that you consider yourself far above everybody; so wise that no one can teach you anything, and, therefore, you never will heed anything you see, read, or hear, and would vote for anyone. More than likely, it would be the best looking candidate, whether or not he were a fit one."

"Oh, girls!" exclaimed earnest Florence, who had remained silent throughout the discussion. "If this amendment should be carried, perhaps father will remain at home evenings, instead of going to all the political clubs. Maybe, he will discuss politics with mother, instead of falling asleep behind his newspaper. Then he can be a Republican, mother a Democrat, and Dick and I the Insurgents. Wouldn't that be fun? Let us change this club, as Elizabeth proposed, and at our next meeting take up the election and discuss the candidates."

—D. J., '13.





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It is generally supposed that to show school spirit one must go to a field meet or a game of some sort and make as much noise as possible. That is true, but it is only the ultimate end. True school spirit should begin the day the student enters school and last throughout his entire school career.

Many elements constitute true school loyalty. The scholarship grade and the moral standard of the school should receive first attention, for the school's reputation for honor and efficiency rank far above anything else. Therefore, each student, in order to show his loyalty, should assume his share of the responsibility in keeping these essential elements up to the highest standard of perfection. If a school has an honest and industrious student body, it has a

foundation upon which every branch of school life may rest secure. Success is inevitable.

School spirit is the most important factor in all school activities. For is it not school spirit that prompts students to take an active part in athletics, in literary and debating contests, and in everything in which the school is concerned? If it were not for the fighting qualities of school loyalty, a football game would be like a pink tea party. It makes school life worth while, it puts the snap in everything. Right here another form of loyalty is required that is also very important and that is the financial support or the payment of dues. No school activity can be a success without financial assistance, so there is no better way of rendering your school aid than by keeping your Student Body dues fully paid. If you do not do this, you can neither be considered loyal nor to have the best interests of your school at heart.

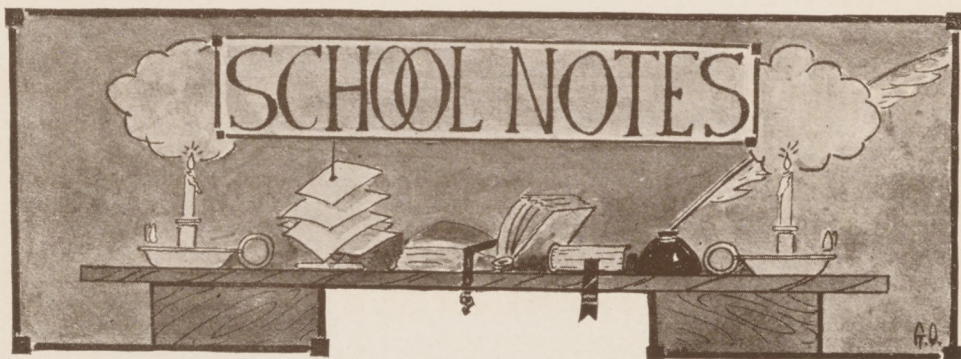
Give all school activities your undivided support. In rolling your snowball of Duty up the hill of Success, don't let go for it is apt to roll over you and dash down to Failure at the bottom. Hang on until you get to the top of the hill. We want all activities on the top and three hundred of us surely ought to put them there if we put our shoulders to them.

If you maintain a satisfactory standing in your school work, pay your dues, take an active part in school affairs and help carry your school to honor and victory, then comes the time for the big noise. Get out and yell your head off, you've earned it. Above all, don't find fault; if something is amiss, make up the deficiency yourself, you are as much to blame as anyone else. Don't knock, but always boost.

Boost, and the school boosts with you,
Knock, and you rattle your teeth.

NOTICE!

The Echo is conducting a short-story contest. This is open to all students of the school. Four prizes will be awarded to the contestants whose productions are considered the best, by disinterested judges. The stories must contain not less than one thousand nor more than twenty-five hundred words. All manuscripts must be neatly written. Turn in all stories to Mr. Searcy on or before October 31st.



On the 18th of September the students of the High School conducted, for the benefit of The Echo, a very successful bazaar. A very interesting program was rendered in the afternoon. The following numbers were given:
 Cornet Solo, "Love's Response".....Hugo Hadrich
 Vocal Solo, "My Dream of You".....Beth Yeager
 Reading, "A Sweet Girl Graduate".....Irene Mize
 Encore, "Calling Willie"

Chorus, "The Rosary".....Girls' Glee Club
 Vocal Solo, "The Dawn"; "The Green Bonnet".....Imelda Kinslow
 Encore, "The Last Rose of Summer"

The receipts of the day amounted to \$77.35.

A Freshman Rally was given by the Mothers' Club with the help of the Student Body on the twenty-second. A large number of Freshmen were welcomed by the upper-classmen into the school activities. The opening number of the evening's program was the "Walk-a-round," which took the place of the introduction committee. With all standing as they stopped, the program was carried out.

Vernon King, president of the student body, gave a welcoming address, after which the students gave the school yell, "Rat te trat."

Will Lambert, captain of the track team, urged all to take part in the various athletic activities of the school. A yell was given, after which, Dorothy Westrup, president of the Girls' Glee Club, urged those who could sing to join the club. A song sung by the students, "Try to Make Your Neighbor Happy, Too," was followed by an address by Weston Anderson, a representative of the school orchestra. The program was concluded by singing "The Santa Rosa High School is a Grand Old Place." Dancing was enjoyed throughout the evening, and refreshments were served by the Mothers' Club.

The Girls' Glee Club has been organized with Dorothy Westrup as president, and Evelyn Johnson as secretary. There are thirty members, but it is hoped many more will join. A Boys' Glee Club is being formed and they hope to have many members.

Wednesday morning, the twenty-seventh of September, Mrs. Holmes, a talented musician, favored the students with three solos: Lorelei, by Sinding; Luciae Lammermoor, entirely with the left hand, by Leschetizky; Consolation, by Liszt.



Boys

Seniors and Past-graduates vs. Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors

This meet awakened considerable interest among the students. A great deal of good-natured rivalry was evident, each event being stubbornly contested. The Seniors had hard luck from the start. Several of their men were ill, while Wilson was kept out of the sprints by a broken arm. On account of these misfortunes, the fourth night found the lower classmen victorious by two points. The summary; contestants placed in the order given:

High jump—Lee, Miller, Gore, Bagley. Height, 5 ft. 7½ inches.

Broad jump—Lambert, Larimer, Argyle, Lingenfelter. Distance, 18 ft. 6 inches.

Shot put—Lambert, Weeks, Berry, Paxton. Distance, 43 ft.

Pole vault—Lambert, Argyle, Berry, Larimer. Height, 10 ft, 9½ inches.

Half mile—Miller, Cameron, Slyter, Larimer. Time, 2:24 2-5.

50 yard dash—Bettini, Coon, Bagley, La Due.

100 yard dash—Bettini, Clark, Coon, Argyle.

220 yard dash—Clark, Coon, Chapman, Quick.

440 yard dash—Clark, Chapman, Peterson, Slyter. Time, :54 3-5.

High hurdles—Lee and Gore tie for first; Weeks, Mills.

Low hurdles—Lee, Gore, Coon, Sutherland.

Mile run—Miller, Cameron, Slyter, Fleming.

Hammer throw—Berry, Shelton, Merritt, La Due.

Discus throw—Weeks, Merritt, Sutherland, A. Peterson.

N. W. S. L. MEET

The semi-annual meet of the Northwestern Sub-League was held in Santa Rosa, October 7. Among the large crowd present, we were pleased to see so large a number of Santa Rosans. The Santa Rosa rooting section was the largest and most enthusiastic we have seen for many years. Yell Leader Lee was on the job with plenty of "pep." He certainly showed them how we do things in Santa Rosa.

Santa Rosa High won first place in the meet by a score of 68½ points; Willits was second with 33 points; Petaluma third with 24½ points; Ukiah fourth with 24 points; and Healdsburg fifth, with 21 points. Santa Rosa was awarded the J. C. Mailer cup, and Willits was awarded The Press Democrat



Lambert, Captain I. D. Steele, Coach Clark, Manager

—Photo by Shaw

cup. Roy Clay of Willits won the Ukiah Times cup by a score of 14 points. Chester Gore won the C. A. Wright & Co. cup by a score of 13 2-3 points.

Our team surpassed all expectations; as to the work of the individual athletes, nothing speaks more eloquently than the summary which is as follows:

50 yard dash—Wilson (S. R.), won; Clay, (W), second; Whited (W), third; Bettini (S. R.), fourth. Time, :52-5.

100 yard dash—Clay (W), won; Briggs (H), second; Bettini (S. R.), third; Dorroh (P), fourth. Time, :10-1-5.

220 yard dash—Briggs (H), won; Wilson (S. R.), second; Gibson (U), third; Argyle (S. R), fourth. Time, :23.

440 yard dash—Raymaker (P), won; Clark (S. R), second; Gibson (U), third; Larimer (S.), fourth. Time, :53 2-5.

120 yard hurdles—Gore (S. R), won; Ball (U), second; Whited (W), third. Time, :17-1-5.

220 yard hurdles—Gore (S. R.), won; Walters (P), second; Sacry (W), third; McCutchan (H), fourth. Time, :29.

880 yord dash—Raymaker (P), won; Chapman (S. R.), second; Cameron (S. R.), third; Clay (U), fourth. Time, 2:12 2-5.

Mile run—Allenby (U), won; Chapman (S. R), second; Cameron (S. R), third; Miller (S. R.), fourth. Time, 5:07.

Hammer throw—King (S. R), won; Endicott (W), second; Byington (H), third; Robertson (P), fourth. Distance, 145 feet.

Discus—Caughey (U), won; Robertson (P), second; Bettini (S. R), third; Bagley (H), fourth. Distance, 105 ft. 7 inches.

Pole vault—Lambert (S. R), won; Walters (P), second; Pedersen (S. R.), third; Huft (U), fourth. Height, 10 ft. 6 inches.

High jump—Endicott (W), won; Eldridge (H), second; Gore (S. R.), third; Pedersen (S. R.), fourth. Height, 5 ft. 6¼ inches.

Shot put—Caughey (U), won; Lambert (S. R.), second; McCutchan (H), third; Phillips (H), fourth. Distance, 42 ft. 10 in.

Broad jump—Clay (W), won; Eldridge (H), second; Lambert (S. R.), third; Dorroh (P), fourth. Distance, 19 ft. 4 inches.

Relay—Santa Rosa, first; Willits, second; Petaluma, third.

Girls

The girls interested in basketball have been practicing a little, but they are now getting down to real work. Mr. Searcy has kindly consented to coach the girls, and the school expects them to be an honor to S. R. H. S.. There are not as many girls coming out to practice as the captain would like to have; but even, if the school as a whole is not going to help the girls' team, the few who do practice will make a team of which the S. R. H. S. will be proud.

Governing Board

A regular meeting was held September 12, Vice-President La Due presiding.

A communication was read from Glenn Allen, president of the S. N. S. C. A. L., in regard to the business to be brought up before the meeting of the delegates in Napa, September 16.

A motion was made and carried allowing the girls to purchase a new basketball.

W. Lambert was authorized to represent the school in debating at the S. N. S. C. A. L. meeting at Napa, September 16.

A motion to hold an inter-class field meet was carried.

The chair appointed Charles Clark as representative to the N. W. S. L. meeting to be held here Saturday, September 16.

Considerable discussion was heard in regard to dues. All delinquent members are to be discharged at the next meeting, by motion of the treasurer.

The Freshman reception was discussed. A motion to give a reception

and levy an assessment on each member of the Student Body to the amount of fifteen cents. The motion was amended as follows: To consult first with the Mothers' Club so as not to interfere with their plans. Motion was carried.

Frank Argyle was elected first-term representative by a unanimous vote.

A regular meeting was held September 19.

The track manager was given permission to purchase a Spaulding discus.

L. Chapman's resignation as track manager was read and accepted.

C. Clark was elected track manager to fill the vacancy left by L. Chapman's resignation.

Will Lambert was allowed \$2.70 as expenses to Napa, Saturday, September 16.

A special meeting was held September 20.

An order for ribbon not to exceed \$2 was allowed to be drawn on the treasury. The ribbon is to be worn by students at the Freshman reception.

The track manager was allowed to purchase one gallon of rub-down.

A regular meeting was held September 26.

Miss O'Meara appeared in behalf of the girls and asked that they be granted wax for the basement floor during the year. A motion was made and carried, granting the girls a can of wax. Throughout the year they may purchase wax not to exceed two cans a month.

A motion providing two oil cans for rub-down was carried.

LeRoy Miller was elected basketball manager to fill the vacancy left by J. Wilson.

Galen Lee was elected yell leader to fill Vernon Ross' place.

All delinquent members of the Student Body will be discharged in two weeks by a motion made and carried at this meeting.

The regular meeting was held October 3. Mrs. Berka, president of the Mothers' Club, read the report of the Freshman Rally. The receipts were \$21.25; expenses, \$36.80.

G. Lee was allowed \$3.50 to pay for fifty megaphones.

A regular meeting was held October 10.

The report of the N. W. S. L. of A. A. L. field meet held in Santa Rosa October 7, was read.

A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Searcy for the successful manner in which he managed the field meet held October 7.

Mr. Steele was allowed 35 cents for a tape-line.

Yell Leader Lee was allowed ninety cents for expenses at the field meet held October 7.

A motion to appoint a committee to investigate having an excursion to the field meet at Napa October 21, was carried.

The following members were dishonorably discharged from the Student Body Association for non-payment of dues: Frank Berry, Roscoe McCus-ton, Harry Buttmer, Genevieve Collins, Vida Clover, Willard Frieze, Albert Hockins, Fred Randal, Marie Bish, Effie Pharis, Eunice Silva, Will Bagley, Josie Cassani, Allison Dickson, Gladys Gilman, Elois Yarnell, Gladys Berry, Esther Gilkey, Charles Roberts.



What shall we say? That is not the only question, but how to say the same old thing in a different way, that is the thing which confronts this department every month.

Ads. in the front. Why do you insist upon doing it, exchanges? You not only spoil your arrangement, but you look too cheap to outsiders. More cash is made we know, but don't you think it looks bad?. Ads. on the back covers are bad enough.

Table of Contents. Few exchanges still fail to put in any.

We would request all exchanges to be in early. Our book goes to press about the tenth of each month.

Why not use a better grade of cuts, **The Golden Bear**, Sonoma? For an annual your book seems small. We are in hopes we will see a great improvement in your next issue.

The picture of Hancock Lake in **The Siskiyou Nugget**, Etna, Cal., is excellent. You could improve your book by using a larger type—say 10 point. Your book shows plenty of school spirit. "The Class of '11 as They Used to Look," is a novel idea. "'11's in '50" is a great stretch of imagination. We hope to hear from you again.

The Owl, Fresno, Cal.: You have a well-arranged paper. Your cover designs show careful thought, but you have too many details. Your half-tones and other cuts are good.

The Alert, Turlock, Cal. (June, 1911), is an excellent paper. You seem to come from a good school. We hope to see you on our list again.

Why place your editorials before your stories, **The Tokay**, Lodi, Cal.? You show good spirit in your annual. Why not try and come more often? We wish you success in your efforts towards a new school building. We have just been granted an \$80,000 annex to relieve our crowded condition.

Each year shows some improvements, **The Pneus**, Analy Union High School. Don't fail to add an exchange department and table of contents next issue. We find no glaring mistakes in your June, '11, issue.

Where is your table of contents, **Olla Padrida**, Berkeley? (Vacation number.) Why place advertisements in the front? We have received better issues from you. We are sorry to note that your exchange editor did not look, otherwise he would have seen a few journals from our own State mentioned in the second column of our exchange department of the June, '11, issue.

Lack of space required the cutting down of that department. We will do our best towards all journals sent us, in the future. The material of your Vacation number is good.

Enterprise, Petaluma: Your cuts are good. The material you have is good, but for an annual you should have more. "Petaluma High School Spirit" is a story of considerable imagination.

From Fort Bragg comes **Breath of Ocean**. What a beautiful and appropriate name. You lack a table of contents. Your material is good. We are sorry your name was not here in time for one of our Commencement numbers. Come again.

Potpourri, Auburn, Cal.: You have a fine paper. Why don't you try and issue your paper by the month or quarterly? We are sure you could, because your annual is so good.

The Wilmerding Life, San Francisco: Your paper is good. Your editorial is one of the best we have seen this month. Your material is good. "The Advantages of the Photoplay" is a fine article.

The Lowell bi-weekly is a step towards a daily. We are glad to note your progress.

As a young man was introduced to two people at the Freshmen reception he missed the names, and, turning to the first one, asked if he might have the pleasure of the next dance. Imagine his surprise when the person addressed answered sweetly: "Well, yes; but are the mothers supposed to dance this evening?"

Emily Rued—Are you ever going to get married?

Allison I.—No; marriage is like the Bible. You know it ends in revelations.

Miss Wirt has discovered a new chef. All persons wishing help for parties, dances, and clubs, will apply to Louis Towne. He can make cakes, candy, pies, salads, and all other dainty dishes.

Miss O'Meara, showing to the class a picture of ancient costumes, said: "This is a picture of the costume worn by the people in Old New York. You will be astonished by its simplicity."

The class was indeed astonished at its simplicity, for she was holding up a blank page.

Miss Abeel—Marion, tell the class how you draw a straight line.

Marion B.—When I want to draw a straight line I always try to draw a crooked one, for I never can draw just what I want.

Miss Wirt (German I.)—Who always leave the room first? (Meaning the girls.)

Kinley Ahl.—The one who gets to the door first.



Chester C.—Sterling knows Shakespeare well.

Forrest—Just because I'm a Freshman, you needn't think I don't know that guy's dead.

HE IS A SENIOR, TOO

Donald C. was drawing a bottle, but was also enjoying a pleasant conversation.

Miss Abeel, annoyed, said in tones plainly audible above the noise of the class, "Donald, I think you had better come down here by me and bring your bottle with you."

THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

He sits apart; the dance goes on,
He sadly gazes at the throng;
And why? He's lost a friend he
trusted—

His suspender button's busted.

Miss Wylie—Ruth, can you tell something about the "Last Days of Pompeii?"

Ruth Anderson—Pompeii; oh, he died from some kind of an eruption, didn't he?

I.

Her lips he kissed,
And cried, "Oh Bliss!"
The maiden hissed,
"You'll pay for this."

II.

She spoke the truth;
His fatal frolic,
Laid low the youth
With painters' colic.

HAPPENINGS IN ENGLISH IV.

Miss O'Meara—Now, Emma, give your picture of the Mariner.

Emma—Well, I think he got pale and dropped his eyes.

Miss O'Meara—Charles, give your reason why the Mariner shot the Albatross.

Charles C.—Oh, I guess he wanted a souvenir.

Miss Smith (Geom. II.)—Now, class, this is terrible; your work shows lack of thought. Really you don't do any better work than my baby classes. (Baby classes—Freshies.)

Miss Wirt (German)—How would you decline "man?"

Genevieve Collins—I wouldn't decline him; I'd take the first one who offered himself.

Miss Mailer (Algebra I.)—John, what do we always do with problems before we get the answer?

John Russell (In stage whisper)—Get them wrong.

Teacher—Give me the principal parts of the verb meaning to skate.

Latin shark—Shato, slippere, falli, bumptus. —Ex.

CORRECT

If Clark slipped upon a banana peel, how would it affect the meat market?

Calves would go up, and there would be a drop in beef.

LATIN TRANSLATION

Dido et forte dux—Dido ate forty ducks. —Ex.

Slyter at the Coffee Club

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small boy could hold all that stew.

Irene C.—We have two awfully cute little kittins at home; we call them Cook and Peary.

Emily R.—I see—pole-cats.

DANCING CLASSES

Miss Maryee Wilkins re-opened her dancing classes in

NATIVE SONS' HALL

on Friday, October 6

Juvenile Classes at 4 P. M., High School
Students at 8 P. M.

CURRENT EVENTS

"Doughnuts" fell down stairs and bruised himself on the landing.

While preparing for the bazaar, Fresher let the can-opener slip and cut himself in the dining-room.

Paxton fell from a window and struck on his front porch, causing serious injury.

Edna P.—Gertrude told me the other day that she thought I was suffering from brain-fag.

Dorothy W.—Oh, the flatterer!

Mildred Wadsworth—Oh, Heavens! what could be worse than eating an apple and finding a worm in it?

Allison D.—Huh! Eating an apple and finding half a worm in it.

A youth went forth to serenade
the lady he loved best;
And by her home at evening, when
the sun had gone to rest,
He warbled until daylight, and
would have warbled more,
But morning light disclosed a sign
"For Rent" up on the door.

Cheer up, even if you are not on top. Remember only bad eggs float.

He was unprepared on the lesson Miss O'Meara had assigned:

"Did you read 'Romeo and Juliet'?" asked Miss O'Meara.

"Well, I—I read 'Romeo'!" he stammered.

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Mr. Searcy was anxious to get some newspapers, so he walked up to the window and said, "Have you papers for a week back?"

Girl (abtently.)—Why, you had better get a porous plaster. You can get it across the street.

Sterling Coulter—Can you change a \$10 William?

Mr. Searcy—What? A \$10 William? Oh! do you mean a \$10 bill?

Sterling—Well, perhaps you call it a \$10 bill, but I'm not so well acquainted.

Miss O'meara (to Freshie)—Why are your lessons unprepared?

Herbert Mallory—Well pap was sick and ma had to take care of him and sister had to get the medicine and there wasn't anyone to remind me to study.

Chester, a Junior at High School, was very fond of studying. One day Miss Leddy asked:

"Chester, how long do you spend on your Latin?"

"Why, I spent seven hours on it last night," he replied.

"I'm surprised, how did that happen?"

"Well, I put my book under my pillow," said Chesetr.

Lines of Latin all remind us,

That if we had old Caesar here,
We would move, but leave behind
us,

Loving foot-prints on his ear.

—Ex.

Hattie, McKinney & Titus

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ALL OUT

Ralph Wallace—Is Gladys at home?

Maid—No, she's out.

Ralph—Is her sister in?

Maid—No, she is out also.

Ralph—Well, I'll sit by the fire and wait awhile.

Maid—I'm awfully sorry, but the fire is out, too.

Elaine Norton—You know that old man we used to see, and whom we supposed was wealthy?

Grace S.—Yes.

Elaine—Well, he died the other day and left only an old Dutch clock.

Grace—One good thing the heirs wont have trouble winding up his estate.

Allison D.—Say, Gander, do you know these Freshies remind me of some tree?

Gladys G.—It must be the rubber tree.

Al. D.—No, it's the evergreen.

Lady Visitor—I am coming to your Mothers' party, Saturday.

Sterling—There isn't going to be anything good to eat.

Mr. Coulter—What do you mean, Sterling?

Sterling—Well, papa, didn't you say you had to buy some chicken-feed for the old hen party.

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'Phone 124

Fanita J.—There is one thing I don't understand about football.

Marsh Paxton—What's that?

Fanita J.—Why a game so named is spoken of as needing so much head work.

Mr. Searcy—Shirley, what do you mean by smoking a pipe in the school basement?

Shirley B.—I ain't smoking it. I'm just keeping it lit while Al. Hockins runs over to the corner store for some matches.

Mr. Brownscombe (in speech to students)—This is a country of grafters.

Voice in back of study hall—Even Burbank grafts.

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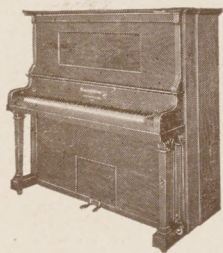
Santa Rosa

Lyman—Say, do you know I am a singular piece of mechanism?

Paul T.—No, I don't.

Lyman—Well, I've got a carpenter's tool-box, two lids, and two lofty trees.

Lyman—Well, my tool-box is my chest; my two lids, my eye-lids; and the trees are my palms.



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Arthur E.—At last I have written something for The Echo that has been accepted.

Fred H.—What is it?

Arthur E.—A cheque for a year's subscription.

ABSOLUTELY SO

Miss O'Meara—What is bigamy, Shirley?

Shirley B. (Just after auto ride)—Exceeding the speed limit of matrimony.

HAVE YOU TRIED

Jacobs'
JAR TAFFIES?

IF NOT?

WHY NOT?

Charles P.—Say, Ned, do you know who Pegasus is?

Ned L.—Yes, the only horse who can haul an airship home.



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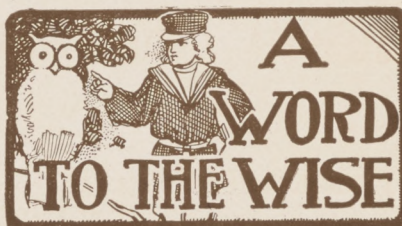
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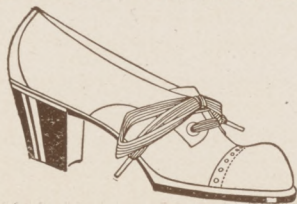
Mr. Fraser—Yes, I do. I can't stand the racket here any longer.

Miss Crane (warningly)—Ruth, when I was your age they used to tell me that if I didn't leave coffee alone it would make me foolish.

Ruth O.—Well, why didn't you?

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SANTA ROSA CALIFORNIA

Mr. Steele—What country in Europe uses little or no wheat?

Alta C. (absently)—Oh, India.

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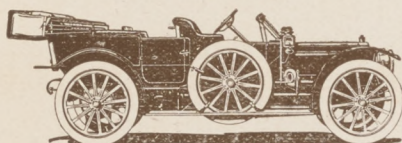
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